



L.J.C. et M.I.

INDIAN RECORD

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B.C. Indians Need Higher Education

VANCOUVER, B.C.—Many people in B.C. are quick to condemn Indians but slow to accept them as equals, the Catholic bishop of Prince Rupert said here recently.

Most Rev. Fergus O'Grady, O.M.I., who has 4,000 Indian Catholics in his 135,000-square-mile diocese, said in an interview:

"Many people in other parts of the province are apparently quick to condemn Indians over an incident such as the Prince Rupert riot, but slow to accept them into jobs, neighborhoods and the life of the community.

"You cannot expect the Indian to conform to white society, customs and manner if he is not educated alongside white children from kindergarten up."

The bishop said the most pressing need of B.C. Indians today is higher education in joint white-Indian high schools.

Several Prince Rupert organizations have asked the government for a royal commission, charging discrimination against the Indians in the August 3 riot.

Bishop O'Grady, who has been 20 years in Indian education, said Indians do not lack intelligence. What they have lacked in the past, he said, is encouragement and someone to foster initiative at an early stage.

A survey in the diocese has revealed need for accommodation for 150 Indian high school students over the next five years. He said the school for Indian and white children must be built by September of next year to take the start of the group.

Fourteen of the 60 grade 7 to 10 students at Prince George Catholic integrated high school are Indians. They board with

white families, since they come from some distance.

"We have Indian nurses, teachers and stenographers now—you would not have seen them 20 years ago," said the bishop. "But there is still a long way to go. The Indians are only one per cent of Canada's population.

"You cannot keep them segregated forever."

(The Native Voice)

Govt. Aids Indian Students

WINNIPEG — Two Manitoba Indian students have been awarded scholarships by the Indian affairs branch of the federal government.

Hon. Ellen Fairclough, minister of citizenship and immigration, announced the names of 15 winners across Canada.

The two Manitobans were Joe Paupenakis, 20, of Norway House agency, who received \$750 to study architectural draughting at the Manitoba Technical Institute, and Helen Nanowin, 18, also of Norway House agency, a \$500 nursing scholarship to take registered nurses' training at St. Boniface Hospital.

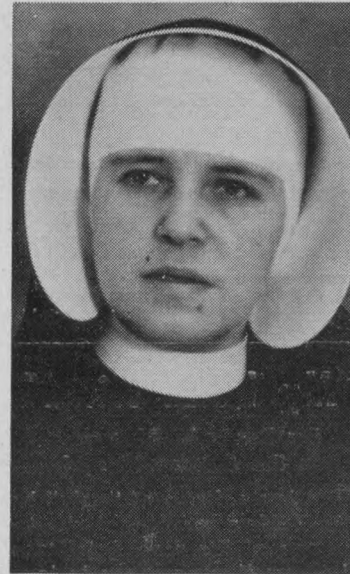
The awards, which range from \$500 to \$1,000, are to help the students pay tuition fees and meet personal expenses while attending university, teachers' college, technical institute or school of nursing. Awards are made on the basis of academic standing and character.

BISHOP TROCELLIER DIES IN MONTREAL

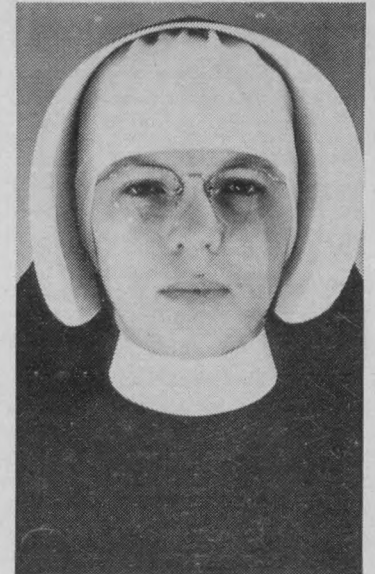
MONTREAL (CCC) — Most Rev. Joseph Trocellier, O.M.I., 70, vicar-apostolic of Mackenzie, N.W.T., died November 27 in Montreal. A funeral Mass was sung in St. Peter the Apostle Church, Montreal, November 28. The body was taken to Fort Smith, N.W.T., for final services and burial.

Born at Tuzet, France, Nov. 5, 1888, Bishop Trocellier was ordained in 1920. After 20 years of missionary life in northern Canada, he was elected titular bishop of Adramyte and coadjutor for Mackenzie vicariate, June 26, 1940. Consecrated at St. Albert (Alta.), Sept. 8, 1940, by Most Rev. Gabriel Breynat, O.M.I., he succeeded him April 6, 1943.

The Mackenzie vicariate has a Catholic population of 11,500 (4,800 Indians, 3,400 Metis, 300 Eskimos and 3,000 whites).



SISTER AGNES MICHAEL



SISTER MARY KATERI

Two Native Vocations in N.S.

Sister Agnes Michael, a 1956 graduate of St. Andrew Rural High School, where she enrolled after Profession, is the second Indian girl to enter the Sisters of St. Martha of Antigonish, Nova Scotia.

She is the daughter of Mrs. Agnes Matthews and the late Michael Matthews of Eskasoni, Cape Breton. The Sisters of St. Martha operate an Indian Day School at the Eskasoni Reserve and have been teaching there for over ten years.

Sister Mary Kateri was one of the 1958 graduates of the Provincial Normal College in Truro, Nova Scotia, where she took her Teacher Training Course. She was the first Indian girl to enter the Sisters of St. Martha of Antigonish, Nova Scotia.

She is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Noel Moore of Sydney, Nova Scotia, where she graduated from Holy Angels Convent, previous to entering religion. Sister brings to her religious Community many native talents, including art, handicrafts and music.

Bishop O'Grady Commission President

OTTAWA—The Oblate Commission on Indian and Eskimo works studied a number of problems during its annual sessions held here recently.

On the order of the day was a study of problems arising from federal administration policies in northern mission areas.

Also under study were the means to check the Indians' abuse of alcohol and the possibility of establishing service centres for Indians seeking refuge in cities. The Commission noted that most urban Indians live in a most deplorable fashion, and decided that in order to educate them and protect them against the white man's exploitation, the missionaries would work in co-operation with City welfare

boards in establishing service centres that would not prevent the Indian's integration with the white man, but rather would prepare him for that transition.

Elected at the Commission's annual meeting were: **Bishop Fergus O'Grady, O.M.I.**, Vicar Apostolic of Prince Rupert, president, succeeding Bishop Henri Routhier, O.M.I.; **Bishop Paul Dumouchel, O.M.I.**, Vicar Apostolic of Keewatin, vice-president; Rev. Albert Drean, O.M.I., provincial of Whitehorse, second vice-president; Rev. Sylvio Ducharme, O.M.I., provincial of St-Joseph, first councillor; Rev. Paul Piché, O.M.I., general director of the Commission; and Rev. André Renaud, O.M.I., assistant director and superintendent of education.

INDIAN RECORD

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REV. G. LAVIOLETTE, O.M.I.
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The late Bishop O. Charlebois, O.M.I.

Guest Editorial

Contributed by W. David Owl

Those of us who live within the boundaries of the United States, sharing as we do all the advantages and privileges of a free people, are not always generous in our praise for those who occupy responsible positions in our government.

There is room for all of us to challenge one another on occasion. There have been increasing efforts to serve the Indian intelligently, unselfishly, and with justice; still, after a century of intensive effort, there is much to be done.

We can point with pride to those of Indian blood who have become congenially located, gainfully established and fully adjusted to the communities in which they live, often far from their place of birth. Also, to those employed in government service, many in positions of responsibility and trust, who contribute to the general welfare of Indians and the nation.

But it is in its youth that the hope for the future development of this distinct minority group of people must lie. It is unfair to them to pass on, or to burden them, with the hurts and heartaches, the prejudices which have hampered us, and kept some of us from becoming full citizens of the land.

Increasingly, all of us are called upon to heal the wounds of the past with their festering bitterness, frustration, defeatism, their feelings of inferiority and hopelessness.

This is the task that we Indians must set before us; to the end that all Indians can experience something of the grandeur, potential and satisfaction of living in the clear atmosphere of a true democracy.

This is not only our task, but our great privilege.

Rev. W. David Owl, a North Carolina Cherokee, is missionary to the Senecas in New York State. He is past president of the National Fellowship of Indian Workers.

(The Amerindian)

"My Indian Friend"

By Sandy McPherson,
in the Calgary Herald

This is a column of "only" because Friday morning I chatted with one of the most intelligent and pleasant young men in town and one of the nicest from a tonorial standpoint. Ernie Rabbit, the only Indian barber in southern Alberta, is doing right nicely over at Ray's shop in the Greyhound Building and unknown even to himself, he is the fore-runner and pioneer of things to come. Ernie started life on the Blood reserve of Cardston at St. Mary's under the watchful and benevolent eye of Father Lafrance, O.M.I. Now the education plus a little accident was the turning point in his life. For practice and exercise Ernie cut the students' hair and the good priests encouraged him.

After graduation at St. Mary's he passed his barber's course and worked on 1st St. E. before coming to the centre of town. He's a refreshing young man, with fresh and fine ideas about Indians. More and more, he says, the boys and girls should forge ahead at school and make their way in the world. He's insistent on that angle — the school.

He's already a favorite with the customers and is forging a life for himself in the Stampede city. Recreation — well he's joining the YMCA and he plays soccer and basketball. He doesn't know it (as I said before), but he's the link in the chain that will bring more and more pure Blood Indians off the reserve and into the life of trade and commerce. They'll be individualists, of course, but they carve a path in the West and lift the Indian higher and higher in the estimation of the white man. I thought I would mention this about Ernie because as one of the forerunners he displays more than talent with shears and clipper. He shows courage.

TRIBUTE TO BISHOP CHARLEBOIS

In its Nov. 20, 1933, issue the Northern Mail, of Le Pas, paid the following tribute to the memory of Bishop Charlebois:

"In the death of Bishop Ovide Charlebois, Northern Manitoba loses a man who contributed more than any other person to the history and early development of this country.

"A pioneer who saw The Pas grow from a trading post, a man of progress and a man of implicit faith in Northern Manitoba's future greatness, Bishop Charlebois was an important link between this new north-country and the older and more established east.

"His work was Church work. To that, without stint, he gave his strong body and his brilliant mind, but in giving his life to his church he gave something also to the north country. He built a great diocese. He gave it hospitals and schools. He gave it progress and development and civilization. And so his name will live forever, not only in the annals of his own organization, but in the history of Western Canada.

"It was in the service of his church that he contracted the illness which brought his death. In the long years of labor he gave to the country he had never spared himself. He had never sought the comforts of the fireside. He was a man of action, of summer trails and winter journeys. All the seasons of the year had found him more often in the far-flung outposts of his huge Northern Territory than in his own home and even advancing years failed to curb his devotion to his duty.

"It was the cold and hardship of a Northern trail which brought his death. It would have been his wish to remain on duty until the final hours of life, giving his last energy to the work which had been his lifework.

"His death leaves a gap in Northern Manitoba which cannot be filled because of his associations with the past, because of his tireless struggle to build a great diocese and a great north.

"That diocese will be his monument."

STRANGE BUT TRUE

For 100 years
from 1646 when ST ISAAC JOGUES
discovered it, LAKE GEORGE, NEW YORK STATE,
was called "THE LAKE OF THE BLESSED"
SACRAMENT." THE NAME WAS CHANGED TO
LAKE GEORGE BY THE BRITISH.

1,700 YEARS OLD
ST SIMEON'S CHURCH NEAR ALEPPO IS TO
BE RESTORED BY THE SYRIAN GOVERNMENT.

THIS UNIQUE SHRINE OF
ST BRIGID'S SHOE
dates from the
14th Century
AND
IS NOW
IN THE
NATIONAL
MUSEUM,
DUBLIN.

GENEVA
"THE ROME OF PROTESTANTISM" OF CALVIN
AND KNOX AND ONCE COMPLETELY NON-CATHOLIC. NOW
HAS 50% OF ITS 200,000 POPULATION CATHOLIC.

Dedicated Indian Prayer Leader

By Rev. Seraphin Meneghello, F.S.C.J.
The Indian Sentinel

Big, genial, courteous John Felisho was a man that everybody took to immediately. First impressions were not deceptive. Your liking for this Dieguneno Indian and your respect for him increased the better you got to know him.

I became acquainted with Juan Angel, as everybody called him, as soon as I came to Santa Ysabel Mission to work among the Indians in the mountains of southern California. Afterwards I often had to call upon him and his wife, Margaret, for information and for help of various kinds. He always responded willingly and gladly. He was, in fact, my right hand in dealing with the people and in getting them to co-operate. His aid was invaluable, for he had great influence with the Indians.

Soon after I arrived, came time for the Commemoration of the Holy Souls. That year, 1952, November 2 fell on Sunday; consequently, the liturgical services had to be transferred to Monday. When I told John about this, he said, "Father, we'll have a tough time in getting the old-timers to fall in line." He was right. Some of the old Indians regarded this change of date, not as the doing of the Church, but as an innovation of that new priest. I found myself involved in a very touchy matter. As our ancestors have done in their day, the Indians told me, we in turn should repeat exactly. I could see that they regarded the slightest departure from the old tradition as disrespect to the honored dead.

All these Indians regard Holy Souls day as a very important occasion, one of the big days of the year. They spend hours in the cemetery. According to venerable custom they place candles around the graves and decorate with paper flowers the crosses that serve as markers. Usually at dusk the congregation gathers around the great cross in the cemetery and waits for the priest to begin prayers for the dead, when he can come. They continue to sing hymns and pray until the lighted candles around the graves finally burn out. This simple display of faith and abiding love of their departed ones is beautiful and impressive.

We have eight little groups of Indians scattered through the mountains to care for. They all expected me, John told me, to put in an appearance some time that day to bless the graves in

their cemeteries and to say some prayers with them for the dead. I asked him and Margaret to accompany me to show me the way and to prompt me about proper procedure. It was a 250-mile circuit. Finally we were on the last lap of it. The climb up to the Los Conejos cemetery is very steep. "Put it into low gear, Father," John said. But I trusted my car more than I did his experience. I did not realize how much weight I had in the car. It stopped. John smiled. I was often to see that kindly, encouraging smile later on, in fact, any time I was in a predicament. He could usually figure a way out for me.

I saw a lot of John. We usually had a long visit together at least one evening every week. Then he would tell me about Indian customs and traditions and I would discuss with him the plans I had in mind. A staunch Catholic, loyal to the Church and to the priest, he was always ready to co-operate. But he was not a yes-man. Although he had only a little schooling, he had a good head and a fund of common sense, and he liked to thresh things out. That was all to the good. He knew his people and their ways and could foresee human problems we might run into if we did this or that. These discussions were very helpful to me.

John was the recognized lay leader among the Indians. They called him the prayer-leader. Years ago, when priests were scarce here and travelling was slow, and when consequently their visits to the missions were few and far apart, a respected Indian would lead the prayers and singing in the chapels on Sunday that were a substitute when a priest was not there. John's main functions, however, were to make all the arrangements for the families for the simple Indian funerals and to lead the prayers and the hymns at the wakes. This practice, too, was a holdover. It had been a long-standing custom among these Indians, before they were Christians, for a family to call upon an outsider to act as master of ceremonies at their elaborate funeral rites.

For years John had been called upon to perform this service, not only for the Indians of his own reservation but for those of the surrounding reservations as well. This often entailed a considerable amount of time and trouble. On one occasion I

was surprised to find him and his wife at the burial of an old Indian woman on the little Cuyapaipe Reservation. This is situated on a mountainside fully a mile high, away down near the Mexican border. How they ever could have made it, especially up the steep, rough trail, in their old car I don't know. But I was glad they were there, because I also had to administer the last Sacraments to a feeble old Indian, who spoke only the local dialect. John, of course, acted as interpreter.

Far or near, he was always on hand when summoned to take charge of a funeral or the anniversary celebration of a death. The Indians looked upon him as the authority in these matters. They wanted everything done according to custom and he himself was very particular about this. "At what time should I come to the wake?" I asked him on the occasion of the first Indian funeral I had.

"At eight o'clock sharp," he answered. "After that Margaret and I will take over. All the people will stay until we say the last rosary and sing the **Adoro Te, Santa Cruz**. That will be at midnight."

The Indians were impressed by the way that he sang and prayed. "When Juan Angel prays," an old Indian said to me, "we feel the presence of our beloved dead. It is just like he was conversing with them and God." The manner in which his deep faith showed itself was really edifying. They were touched even by the way he rang the church bell.

In fact, some Indians did not think it made much difference whether the priest or John conducted burial services. "Well, Father," said a Campo Indian to me one time, "if you can not be here tomorrow for the funeral, Juan can take over." Had he given to his own interests the attention he gave to the Church and to his neighbors, he could have been a fairly prosperous man, for he was intelligent and industrious. But he regarded charity, especially on the occasion of a death, as a sacred duty. Besides, he was contented with a modest living. Luxuries had no appeal for him.

He always sided with his people when he thought there was nothing wrong with their customs. One day, for instance, I was surprised to see a small

crowd in the Barona Long cemetery. Curious to find out what had brought them there, I drove up to the gate. Men with shovels were doing something to several graves and a group was standing around them. "What is going on?" I asked, addressing no one in particular.

"We have come here to pray, Father," John answered. Taking me aside, he told me that when a grave sinks, the relatives and their friends get together and say some prayers there, usually the rosary, and afterwards have a dinner together in memory of the dead whose graves have caved in.

"Why is that?" I enquired.

In a solemn voice he replied, "The Indians believe that if nothing is done about the grave, there will soon be a death among the relatives." Did John himself think so? I can hardly believe it, but he saw what was good in the custom, respect and remembrance of the dead.

We used to talk about such things. When I got him to see it would be better to change some traditional practice, he used his influence to bring this about. A few would grumble about it, but he had the courage of his convictions and he knew how to get his way.

I would not be writing all this if John were still alive. During the past three years, his health slowed him down a bit. Towards the last he could scarcely walk or sing while walking. Then Margaret, his faithful wife and companion, would carry on for him. His last wish was that she continue to do as he had done, go to the wakes and funerals.

2,290 Indian Students In Oblate Province

EDMONTON, ALTA. — There are 1,946 Indian students (1,401 residential and 545 day) in the Federal Indian residential schools located in mission territory confided to the care of the Oblate Fathers of the Alberta-Saskatchewan province.

1,168 students attend day schools in the same territory which covers central Saskatchewan (dioceses of Saskatoon and Prince Albert) and the southern half of Alberta (dioceses of Edmonton, Calgary and St. Paul).

Another 146 students attend provincial separate schools, while 198 attend Alberta's public schools.

Apartheid, Canadian Style

Editorial from The Toronto Globe and Mail

The color bar in the United States, Africa or elsewhere excites many Canadians considerably; but the color bar in Canada seems to excite them or their government not at all.

A "workshop" conference in Regina of Indians and social workers had discouraging proof of its effects. Indian spokesmen firmly but not bitterly told the workshop that Indians "cannot find what we want, either working or socially, on the Reserve"; so they are moving to the city. But their situation is no happier there. Because their education is limited, they have special difficulty finding jobs — one-quarter of their working-age men in Regina are out of work. Only 10 of 93 Indian families own their homes; many are crowded into rooms, and landlords are reluctant to rent to them. A spokesman epitomized it:

"The Indian's biggest problem is integrating into city life. On the Reserve he has felt segregated and 'different'. When he

comes to town this feeling grows stronger. He also feels inferior because of his lack of education."

Let the East not look down its nose at the West, either; for it draws the same verdict. Elliott Moses, of Ohsweken, an able Indian spokesman, said in a recent address that he had little hope for Reserve life in the future. "But if there is no future on the Reserves, the government should go all the way and give the Indians full citizenship."

And why not? On what grounds is citizenship withheld from the country's first citizens? The official reason is the same as the reason for denying them jobs — that they are not educated, not qualified. But whose fault is that? Long before the whites came these people whom we arrogantly and wrongly named Indians had their own comity of nations, from which white races of today could still take lessons.

A new deal for them has been



MRS. E. J. DOHERTY

in the cards since the present government took office. May it be given some priority in Parliament. Until that time it is mere sophistry and hypocrisy to question the Indians' rights to citizenship. Their rights are original and inherent; it is only the privileges which white rule is capable of denying them.

Indians Receptive, Friendly And Grateful

WINNIPEG, MAN.—"The Indians are receptive, friendly and grateful to all who help them," said Mrs. E. J. Doherty, (formerly Baroness Catherine de Hueck), speaking of the Maryhouse foundation at White Horse, Y.T.

The foundress of Maryhouse was in Winnipeg recently attending the sessions of the Catholic Social Life Conference. She heads the Madonna House secular institute of Cumbermere, Ontario, of which the Yukon foundation is a branch.

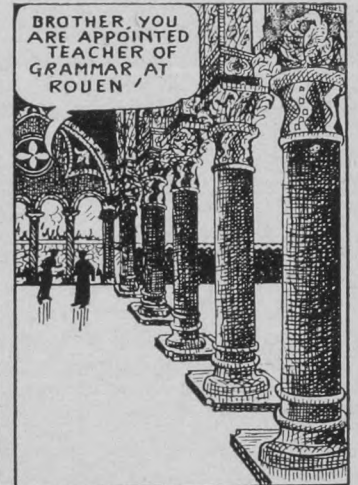
"We have three houses in White Horse," added Mrs. Doherty, "with Father Eugene Cullinane, O.M.I., as director; St. Joseph's House for the men and high school students; St. Catherine of Sienna House for women and children, and a staff residence called St. Joseph House. Six lay helpers, 3 men, 3 women, assist Father Cullinane."

Founded in 1954, the White Horse institute looks after students, transients, unwed mothers.

A circulating library is established at White Horse, as it is in other foundations of Maryhouse in Portland, Ore., and Winslow, Ariz. A foundation is planned in the near future for Pakistan.

The APOSTLE of the HURONS

ILLUSTRATED by PIETROPAOLO



New Hymnal Emphasizes Congregational Singing

TORONTO—After four years work and preparation a new Saint Basil Hymnal has been published by the Basilian Fathers. Basilian priests and scolastics in Canada and the United States played a large part in the preparation and publication of the new work which has been studied and praised by experts in the field of church music.

The new hymnal has been compiled with a view to encourage and help congregational participation in the Mass and devotions through singing, in accordance with the pronouncements of Pope Pius XII who strongly urged a wider participation of the people in all of the church services and particularly during the Mass.

THE NEW HYMNAL is "much broader in scope than the former one, and is designed to supply the musical needs of both small and large parishes and schools. In order to accommodate the different literary and musical standards of individuals, the contents have been intentionally made larger than the necessities of any

group" the foreword of the hymnal states.

In reviewing the new hymnal Rev. Ronald Roloff, C.S.B., said, "The present work is designed specifically for the ordinary Catholic. It combines both the technical description of the Mass and the meditation upon its various parts, and to these it adds what no other book has been able to present."

TRADITIONAL hymns abound in the new hymnal, but there are many fresh translations and texts by such authors as Msgr. Ronald Knox and Father Gerald Manley Hopkins. "The compilers have sought to avoid the hackneyed exaggerated language and sentimentality of so many Catholic hymns," Sister M. Florian, S.S.J., of Nazareth Convent, Rochester, said in reviewing the hymnal.

"The tunes have been selected with a view to congregational singing and are generally arranged for unison voices, although they can easily be sung in parts by choirs," Sister wrote in her review. "Much of the strength and character of the

book lies in the clean, simple harmonizations, easily playable and in good taste," she stated.

The hymnal is divided into two parts, a hymn section and a service section. The hymn section has been subdivided into convenient groups such as Latin hymns, Latin hymns with an English rendering, English hymns, festal hymns honoring the Blessed Virgin and the saints. Hymns are arranged in a way that makes them easy to find.

THE SERVICE SECTION will be a boon to choirmasters and provides especially for the needs of congregations and small choirs. It contains liturgical directions for the chants of High Mass, Funerals, Confirmation and the Forty Hours devotions.

The new Saint Basil Hymnal has been published by the Basilian Press in Canada and the Ralph Jusko Publications Inc. in the United States. There is an accompaniment edition of 300 pages and singers' edition of 190 pages. The accompaniment edition sells in cloth hard bound cover for \$2.50 and the singer's edition in cloth hard bound cover for \$2.50 and the singers' edition in cloth, hard bound sells for \$1.50.

Guy I.R.S. Official Opening December 8

THE PAS, MAN. — Formal opening and solemn blessing of the new Guy Indian Residential School, at Clearwater Lake, Man., near The Pas, will take place December 8, feast of the Immaculate Conception. His Excellency Bishop Paul Dumouchel, O.M.I., Vicar Apostolic of Keewatin, will officiate.

Federal government and Church representatives will attend the ceremonies to take place in the afternoon. A dinner will be served and a concert will be presented by the pupils.

The new school replaces the Sturgeon Landing (Sask.) school which was destroyed by fire some years ago; meanwhile the Indian pupils were housed in temporary quarters at The Pas.

The new 200-pupil school serves all of northwestern Manitoba (Cree and Chipewyan Indians).

The fireproof building is self-contained, comprising classrooms, dormitories, playrooms, staff quarters for Fathers and Sisters, an infirmary, a chapel and a gymnasium. It is located on the south shore of Clearwater Lake, a few miles from the airport of The Pas.



BREBEUF WAS ORDAINED IN THE YEAR 1623... HIS MOST ARDENT DESIRE WAS TO BECOME A MISSIONARY TO THE INDIANS IN NEW FRANCE.



OUI! I HAVE ALREADY THOUGHT OF THAT. FATHERS LALEMANT AND MASSE WILL ACCOMPANY YOU.



THAT SAME YEAR HE WENT AMONG THE MONTAGNAIS WHO LIVED ALONG THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.



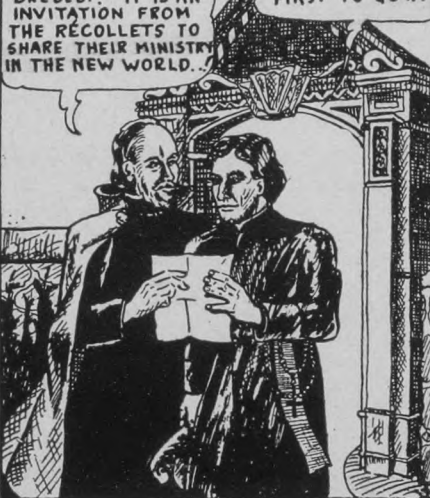
THE THREE JESUITS, CHARLES LALEMANT, ENNEMOND MASSE AND BREBEUF, REACHED CANADA IN 1625...



COME, O BLACK-ROBE! MY SQUAW IS DYING AND ASKS FOR YOU..



ON 1625... LOOK AT THIS PÈRE BREBEUF! IT IS AN INVITATION FROM THE RÉCOLLETS TO SHARE THEIR MINISTRY IN THE NEW WORLD.



WITH YOUR PERMISSION I WOULD LIKE TO BE AMONG THE FIRST TO GO...



NOW I WILL BE ABLE TO LABOUR AMONG THE SAVAGE INDIANS FOR THE GREATER HONOUR AND GLORY OF GOD!!



THE WINTER OF 1625- WHICH BREBEUF SPENT WITH THE INDIANS - PROVED SO SEVERE THAT IT WOULD HAVE OVERCOME ANYONE LESS ROBUST AND RESOLUTE... HE CONVERTED MANY INDIANS AND GAINED AN EXTENSIVE KNOWLEDGE OF THEIR TONGUE...

(To Be Continued)

The Indian's Love Call

A TRUE STORY OF WESTERN CANADA

By Margaret Arnett MacLeod

In the Winnipeg FREE PRESS

It was summer along the Bow River valley, in the days when only Indians roamed the far northwestern plains. It was also the season of the saskatoon berry, that fruit which, fresh or dried, was such an important item in the Indian economy.

At a place where the river flowed quietly through a level plain, a large band of Crow Indians was camped for the berry harvest, and every day parties went out to gather the delicacy. However, this was an occupation not without danger, for it was a period of fierce warfare between the Crow and Blackfoot nations.

Among the members of a berry-picking party that went out one day were a young Crow and his newly acquired wife. She was young and comely, desirably plump, and radiating pride that the handsomest brave among her people had chosen her as his bride. He was tall and straight, outstanding as a hunter, and fearless in war. Long hours she used to bend over fine embroidery to adorn his dress, and when he arrayed himself in full war trappings with his imposing head-dress of eagle feathers, she held her breath in silent rapture.

* * *

THEY WERE POOR, for he too young to be otherwise, so they had only one horse to carry them both. But they were happy. It was a day of beauty and the world was theirs, the sweet summer world that stretched to the far horizon to meet a sapphire sky. Their hearts throbbed in response to nature around them.

Birds winged through the air with an occasional fluting note. Prairie grasses and flowers undulated at the caress of a soft tremulous wind, and all nature was alive with her creatures. Partridges whizzed by to cover; gophers scurried over the ground to their holes; and ants were busy building their new homes.

The party rode off in high spirits, the girl sitting behind her husband on their horse, clasping him tightly about the waist.

After riding some miles, the berry-pickers dismounted where the saskatoon bushes hung heavy with the ripe purple fruit. The horses were hobbled, a scout was sent out to keep watch; then, while the men played games, the women dispersed to gather fruit. Soon their skin bags began to fill.

SUDDENLY a scout gave the alarm, "Blackfeet! Blackfeet!" All dashed frantically for their horses, but by the time they mounted they could see the dust of the oncoming enemy in the distance. The young Crow wife scrambled up behind her husband, and the horses were off, spurred on by terror-stricken riders.

The Blackfeet had swifter horses, but the Crows were making a good getaway — all except the two riders on the lone horse at the end of the line. Hampered by its double burden, the horse was lagging behind. On came the Blackfeet, gradually gaining on their quarry. The Crow brave's horse was tiring and continued to lose ground, but the other Crows whipped their horses on. Soon they would gain the safety of their camp.

* * *

THE PURSUERS loomed nearer, and the young husband knew it was the finish. His horse could do nothing with its double load. He bent forward, goading it on, while his tortured mind raced.

Then, desperately, he urged a plan on his wife — the one plan which he believed could save them both. It was that she should slip off the horse and be taken. The Blackfeet would not kill her

— she was a prize. His horse, with its burden lightened, could then get him to the camp. There he would raise a powerful party and come back to rescue her. Thus they would both be saved.

But the girl, frantic with fear, refused, and clung the harder to him. He made one last frenzied effort to meet the crisis in the only way he knew — he pushed her off.

His horse, freed of its double load, got safely to camp. True to his prediction the girl was not killed, but remained a prisoner.

Quickly the young Crow set about trying to organize a rescue party. He would take presents — se would offer everything he had, even to the beautiful garments she had adorned for him. All — to get her back!

* * *

BUT THE CAMP was in a ferment, and he could do nothing. Scouts had come in reporting that Blackfeet reinforcements were coming up, and the now crazed husband could get no help. Instead, the Crows in a panic broke camp and fled over the prairies.

The girl alternated between hope and despair, torn between belief in her husband's integrity, and the fact that he did not

come. The nomadic Blackfeet carried her with them on their wanderings, she remaining aloof and unapproachable.

The summer flowers and grasses died; the prairie creatures hid from the cold; and billowing snowdrifts changed the brown prairie into a vast white waste. Spring came — the first crow, the first meadowlark — and hope rose again in the young wife's heart. But her eyes grew weary of scanning empty distances. He did not come. At the end of two years she became the wife of a Blackfoot chief.

Meanwhile the young brave searched long for his wife — an epic search, following Blackfoot camps throughout the country; lifting tent flaps, stealthily in the dead of night; hoping, despairing — searching in vain.

* * *

HIS TRIBE thought him as bewitched. Why seek? Women were plentiful. But that terrible moment when he had pushed the girl off the horse would not die. It haunted him.

At the end of three years, lifting the edge of a tent one night, the young Crow looked on the face of his wife, her lovely features relaxed in sleep. He hid in the bushes by a stream a little distance off, and waited for the dawn when he knew the Blackfeet women would come from the camp for water.

By ones and twos they came and went, and at last — the loved one he so long had sought. He gave the little low love-call which she alone would know. Startled, almost overcome, she grasped a sapling for support. He crept through the bushes to her, caught her in his arms and heaped endearments on her. Then he hurriedly unfolded a plan to come back that night, at an appointed hour, with fast horses to take her away. After a time, she consented.

DARKNESS FELL and night came. The young brave returned. He concealed his horses by the stream ready for flight, and awaited that appointed moment. At last it came. He gave the love-call, faint like the muted sound of a bird — then waited. Through the still night air it came to the girl's listening ears.

She was prepared. At her summons, it was the Blackfeet who answered the young brave's call.

The veteran missionary of the West, Rev. Albert Lacombe, O.M.I. (1827-1916), was so impressed with this story when he heard it, that he gathered the details from descendants of the families concerned, with the intention of publishing it. However, in his busy life, he failed to do so. When old age came, he gave it to his friend, Rev. A. G. Morice, O.M.I., historian of the Catholic Church in Western Canada, enjoining him to publish it.

But Father Morice, too, reached old age without having attended to the matter, whereupon he placed the responsibility for its publication on me. Putting the notes in my hands one day, with the ceremonious air of conferring a gift of gold, he said, "I know you will do it." Therefore I am now fulfilling the promise I made that day.

—M. A. MacL.

WHITEHORSE Y.T.

By Philip Joe*

I think the sign which is the most appreciated by the American tourist travelling North on the Alaska Highway is the one at Milepost 917 and which reads: "Welcome to Whitehorse." At last, here we come to the Capital of the Yukon.

Whitehorse is situated on the Yukon River at the head of navigation going down to the once famous Dawson City. The "Whitepass and Yukon Route" is the name given to the railroad linking Whitehorse to Skagway, Alaska, from where steamships of the Pacific Coast transport travel to Vancouver.

Since World War II, Whitehorse has developed tremendously. From a little village of a few hundred inhabitants, it has become a sizeable town of approximately 5,000, due to the Armed Forces personnel which has taken residence there, Army and Air Force. Our two small settlements, appropriately called "Mocassin Flats" and "Whisky Flats" are easily detected as they are situated at each end of the town proper.

We have our own chapel, and Father Triggs comes and says Mass for us every Sunday. However, we are always free to go to the Pro-Cathedral, where His Excellency Bishop Coudert officiates. His Excellency always receives us with a paternal kindness. He is assisted in his work by Rev. Fathers Monnet, Studer and Triggs, all Oblates of Mary Immaculate, living at

the Rectory behind the church. Close to the church is a beautiful school called Christ the King Convent under the direction of the Sisters of Providence. That is the school Indian boys and girls go to when they have successfully completed Grade VII here in Lower Post. About 20 former pupils of this school are now making their high school at Christ the King Convent. The boys take room and board at Maryhouse, an institution which is doing much good in Whitehorse among the Indian population.

The people of Whitehorse are engaged in all kinds of work. Besides the Army and Air Force personnel, which hires a great number of civilians, the brand new Government Building is staffed with agents and clerks in every branch of service. The post office alone must require some fifty employees. There are about 30 stores, restaurants and cafes where many Indian girls find work. Many young men find work along the railroad, which is divided by sections.

Tourists will be amazed to discover such a thriving town in our Northland, especially during the summer months. There are many points of interest inside the town itself, like the Museum and outside, like the Takini Warm Springs, the Miles Canyon, etc.

All in all Whitehorse is well deserving of its title of being the Capital of the Yukon and many signs of further progress and development will make of my hometown, in the near future, one of the most important centres of the Canadian Northwest.

* Philip Joe is a grade 7 pupil at St. John's I.R.S., Lower Post, B.C.

New Residential School at Fort Frances, Ont.

WINNIPEG, MAN. — The Indian Affairs Branch is planning the erection of a new residential school at Fort Frances, Ont., to replace 55-year-old buildings which have been inadequate for some years.

The new buildings will include an administration wing, classrooms, a gymnasium, dormitories and a chapel; staff quarters will be erected separately.

IN LAY MISSIONARY PROGRAM



Students from five continents are participating in Grailville's Community Year Program, Catholic lay missionary project at Loveland, O. Here, Elizabeth Namaganda from British East Africa shares some pictures of her country with (left to right), seated: Annemieke Beynes from Holland and Judith Anne Garcia, of New Orleans, La. Standing (left to right), Anne Somerville, Toronto, Canada; Rachele Filizzola, of Brazil and Theresita Lee of Hong Kong.

(NC Photos)

10 Scholarships To North Dakota Indian Students

Ten Indian high school graduates will attend the North Dakota School of Science on a scholarship program made possible by a grant of Federal land to the School.

A quickclaim deed conveying 70 acres of land previously used by the Bureau of Indian Affairs boarding school at Wahpeton to the School of Science was signed with the understanding that the scholarship program would be established.

The land, purchased for \$8,000 by the Federal Government in

1929, became excess when the BIA discontinued its farm training program at the Wahpeton school.

The State School now has about 950 students at the college undergraduate level. It has agreed to make available free tuition to 10 qualified Indian students each year for a period of 10 years. The students may also receive working scholarships for room and board in return for 14 hours of work per week.

(Amerindian)

THE SISTERS OF MARY IMMACULATE

Invite young Indian girls who wish to dedicate their lives to God. They serve Him in the works of teaching, nursing, social service and caring for the poor among the Indian people.

For further particulars, write to:

Sister Mary Immaculata,
Mistress of Novices,
The Novitiate of the Sisters
of Mary Immaculate,

Sisters of Christ the King,
HANCEVILLE, B.C.

Indian Rock Paintings Come Home

TORONTO—Four ancient Indian rock paintings have been returned to Ontario from Minnesota by two Americans who found them on a trip through Namakan Narrows in Northwestern Ontario two years ago.

The rocks were brought back to Fort Frances, Ont., from a tourist resort run by Arthur H. Pohlman and his brother-in-law, Dr. J. A. Bolz, at Crane Lake, 12 miles south of the narrows along the international waterway separating Minnesota from Northwestern Ontario.

At Fort Frances they were crated and shipped by the Ontario department of lands and forests to the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto.

The rocks will eventually form the core of a special display which will include a collection of watercolor sketches of pictograph sites investigated by Canadian artist Selwyn Dewdney.

Manitoba Survey Indicates Much Prejudice Against Indians

WINNIPEG—More than half the people in Portage la Prairie are prejudiced against Indians to varying degrees, according to a sample survey of one tenth of the houses there.

The survey was conducted under the direction of Prof. John Dallyn of the University of Manitoba and Frazer Earle, regional director of the Canadian Council of Christians and Jews.

The survey was carried out by 24 trained social workers who asked 16 situational questions. The program was partly paid for by the University of Manitoba.

The most significant figure in the survey was that 47.3 percent of the people had neither information about, nor contact with, Indians were prejudiced.

Of the group who had indirect information through television and books, but no direct information, 45.8 percent showed some degree of prejudice.

67 Percent

Of the group which had direct contact and information with Indians, 67 percent expressed varying degrees of prejudice.

On the other hand, 98.9 percent of the people surveyed believe that Indian children can make excellent progress in school. For the past few years, Indian children have attended white schools in Portage and several have won high awards for scholarship.

Almost 3 1/4 percent of the people surveyed expressed prejudice to the point of hostility against Indians. Another 16.5 percent expressed prejudice against Indians in four of the situational questions. Mr. Earle said this indicates more than just a dislike for Indians.

"They have generalized certain characteristics of an individual and applied them in a discriminatory manner to a whole group."

In specific situations the survey showed that 59.4 percent of the people were prejudiced.

Here are some of the other percentages and the prejudices involved:

- 22 percent believe that all Indians are shiftless, undependable and without skills, and are undesirable employees.

- 19.5 percent thought people shouldn't rely on Indians who

had positions of leadership in labor unions and shops.

- 17 percent think most Indians show a complete disregard for the common standards of personal decency.

- 13 percent would not invite an Indian to a party at their house.

The survey showed that the highest incidence of prejudice—82—was found in those people with an education equivalent to Grade 4. The lowest incidence of hostile responses was among university trained persons.

Ethnic Viewpoint

From an ethnic point of view, 55 percent of the people of British origin showed prejudice of various degree. Of the Ukrainian group survey, 69 percent maintained some stereotypes about Indians.

The average showed that 50 percent of each ethnic group held prejudiced attitudes towards Indians.

Among occupation groups the lowest incidence was found among clerical, sales, and police workers. About 44 percent were prejudiced. The highest, 62 to 73 percent, was among domestics, laborers and retired persons.

There were 53 persons who refused to co-operate in the survey for various reasons.

One person said the Indians were just like the "niggers" in the South. He advocated that they be segregated in order to avoid situations such as that in Little Rock, Arkansas. He said there was hardly a decent place left to live in the south.

Education Needed

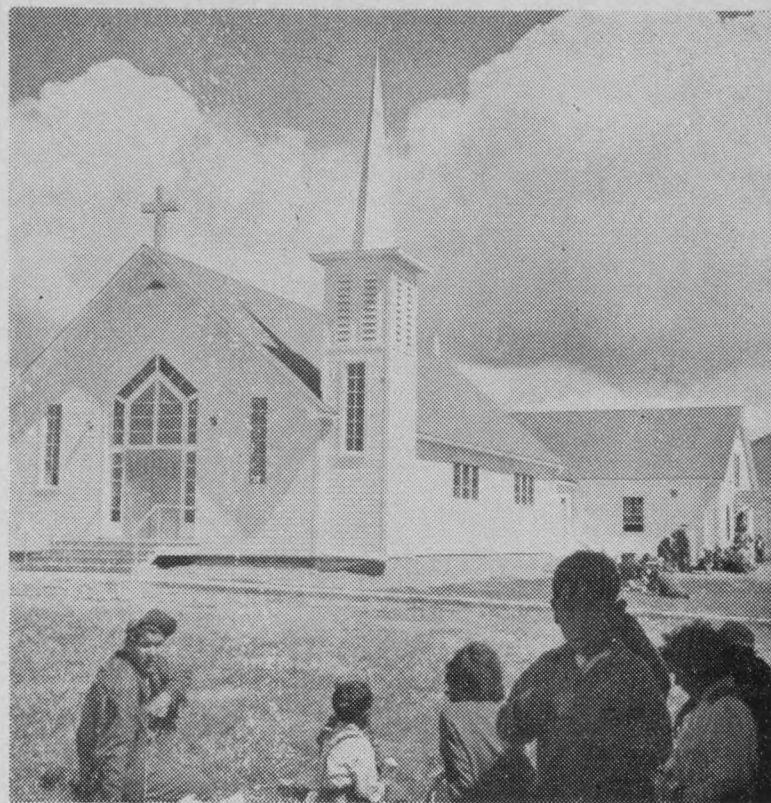
Of the people surveyed, 61 1/2 percent said they had direct contact with Indians. Only 14 1/2 percent said they had no information or contact with them.

In discussing the survey results, Mr. Earle said he thought television could do a better job of breaking down prejudice barriers. There are still too many old cowboy and Indian movies around, he said.

The overall answer, he said, was education. This is particularly necessary in an informal way among church groups and others of the same kind. These groups could discuss prejudice, why it exists and what can be done about it.

Mr. Earle also advocated that the federal government should abolish all clauses in legislation that tend to segregate the Indian and make him a second class citizen.

New Church Blessed At Berens River



Archbishop Maurice Baudoux, of St. Boniface, blessed a new church and hall at Berens River mission last August. Berens River is located on the East shore of Lake Winnipeg and is 175 miles north of Winnipeg. Rev. A. Jobin, O.M.I., is the parish priest.

Bishop Baudoux praised the apostolic work of the Oblate Fathers and the Grey Nuns who work in the Indian missions of his diocese. The new building, evaluated at \$5,000, was built by the Oblates, most of the work being done by the Oblate brothers.

Fr. Aimé Lizée, O.M.I., represented the provincial administration while Fr. R. Bernardin, O.M.I., preached the sermon in Saulteux.

Oblate Commission Defends Its Policies

OTTAWA—Policies regarding the education and welfare of Eskimos are now being discussed between the federal government's northern administrators and Catholic missionaries in the Arctic.

The Oblate Fathers, who in 90 odd years of missionary activity in the north, have gathered a vast fund of knowledge about Eskimo life, are planning to put their side before the cabinet.

The Oblate Fathers' Commission on Indian and Eskimo affairs has decided to prepare a voluminous brief about the situation and intends to present it to cabinet ministers whose departments deal with northern affairs.

The brief probably will not be made public, but some of the problems which the missionaries blame on northern administrators have come to light in a recent edition of the magazine *Eskimo*, published by the Oblates in the Hudson Bay area.

R. A. J. Phillips, chief of the northern affairs department's Arctic division, said the department "is very much conscious of the problems in the north and anxious to receive the help and

advice of all with experience there."

Most Rev. Marc Lacroix, OMI, Vicar Apostolic for Hudson Bay, suggests in an article in the Oblates' magazine that federal administrators in the north are ill-equipped for their jobs and do not make sufficient studies of the problems before imposing solutions.

Their solutions to human problems among the Eskimo population, Mgr. Lacroix writes, "starts with the premise that everything that is good for the white man is necessarily good for the Eskimo."

"There is talk of integration (of the Eskimo) but it is disintegration of Eskimo life that is coming."

Mr. Phillips said "the views attributed to the (northern affairs) administration do not in any way reflect the actual views of the administration."

Sandy Bay School Renovated

WINNIPEG, MAN. — The Sandy Bay Indian residential school was recently renovated under the direction of its principal, Rev. R. Chaput, O.M.I. The chapel now has new stations of the Cross and a new organ will be purchased.